

CDC

FIGHTIN' MARINES

Fightin'

APPROVED
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COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

No
16

MARINES

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



CANTEEN KATE



LEATHERNECK JACK



TRIPOLI SHORES



[illegible]

FRONTLINE PRIVATE

Private George O'Brien had been the happiest man in his Marine company when he arrived in Korea. Then he became the gloomiest although no one knew the reason why.

O'Brien had been in Korea since the fighting started, but as a tank repairman he had never been close enough to the front to handle a rifle. Once when a few stray enemy shells had hurt in a gully behind the lines, O'Brien had received a minor shrapnel wound in his left arm. It had kept him no longer than an hour at the dressing station, and a week later he was sent over to his battalion headquarters where he received a Purple Heart.

But months later nobody remembered that O'Brien had ever been wounded. His sergeant stepped over to where O'Brien was working on a broken tank track one day and asked him if he'd like three days at the rest camp.

"You haven't been off duty according to company records," the sergeant told him. "Up till now we've been short on men."

"If the choice is left to me, Sergeant, I'd as soon spend a few days up front as one of a tank crew."

The sergeant frowned. "Are you kidding, O'Brien? The fighting isn't over yet. There's plenty of action going on, and you've as good a chance as anyone of being killed if you ride up there in one of these General Shermans."

O'Brien dropped a wrench and wiped his greasy hands on a rag. "I'm not worried about being killed," he sighed gloomily. "Take the matter up with the captain, and let me know."

The captain was puzzled by O'Brien's request, but granted it. The next day Private George O'Brien was grinning as he joined a tank crew that was one of a column moving toward the front where an enemy break-through was threatening.

Their route followed a low, rocky ridge and then across a narrow plain that was pockmarked with shellholes and strewn with the blasted wrecks of enemy supply trucks that had been caught behind an offensive that had failed three months earlier. Across the plain a winding road crossed a jagged hill then dipped to a sector behind the front where the ground was a rugged maze of short ridges and gulleys.

When the tanks rumbled down the hill all that could be seen ahead was an occasional burst of machine gun fire. The Marines were dug in new defense positions, waiting for the tanks to lead

a counter-offensive.

Crawling from their foxholes, the Marines braved sniper fire to move in behind the protective hulks of the tanks. Speed was reduced, and Private George O'Brien experienced for the first time the feeling of moving into battle.

Aerial observation had failed to note that the North Koreans had brought up heavy field pieces during the night, so the shelling that started came as a grim surprise. The Marines on foot fell back for cover, but the tanks pushed on, their seventy-five millimeter guns destroying three North Korean gun posts that appeared to be the ones scoring the closest misses.

But the terrain was too rough for the tanks in a duel with anti-tank guns. One tank struck a mine and was disabled. Then two tanks received direct hits, stalling them. Lieutenant Wagner in the tank George O'Brien was riding in, swerved his vehicle sharply to head for the protection of a small, rocky mound. But they never made it. The next thing O'Brien knew was that the tank had been stalled, and a thousand hammers were pounding on his head.

Acrid smoke stung his nostrils as he groped his way to the hatch. Vaguely he remembered crawling over a body before he heaved himself out. On the hard ground he began to crawl. The ringing in his ears was so loud that he failed to hear the whine of a shell. A second later his head and back were showered with loose dirt and rocks.

O'Brien's senses came back suddenly after he had tumbled into a shallow trench. He drew his forty-five calibre automatic from its holster, and raised his head cautiously. He saw the tank crews running in single file toward the cover taken by the Marines who had been on foot. But two of the tank crews went down in their tracks as enemy riflemen opened fire.

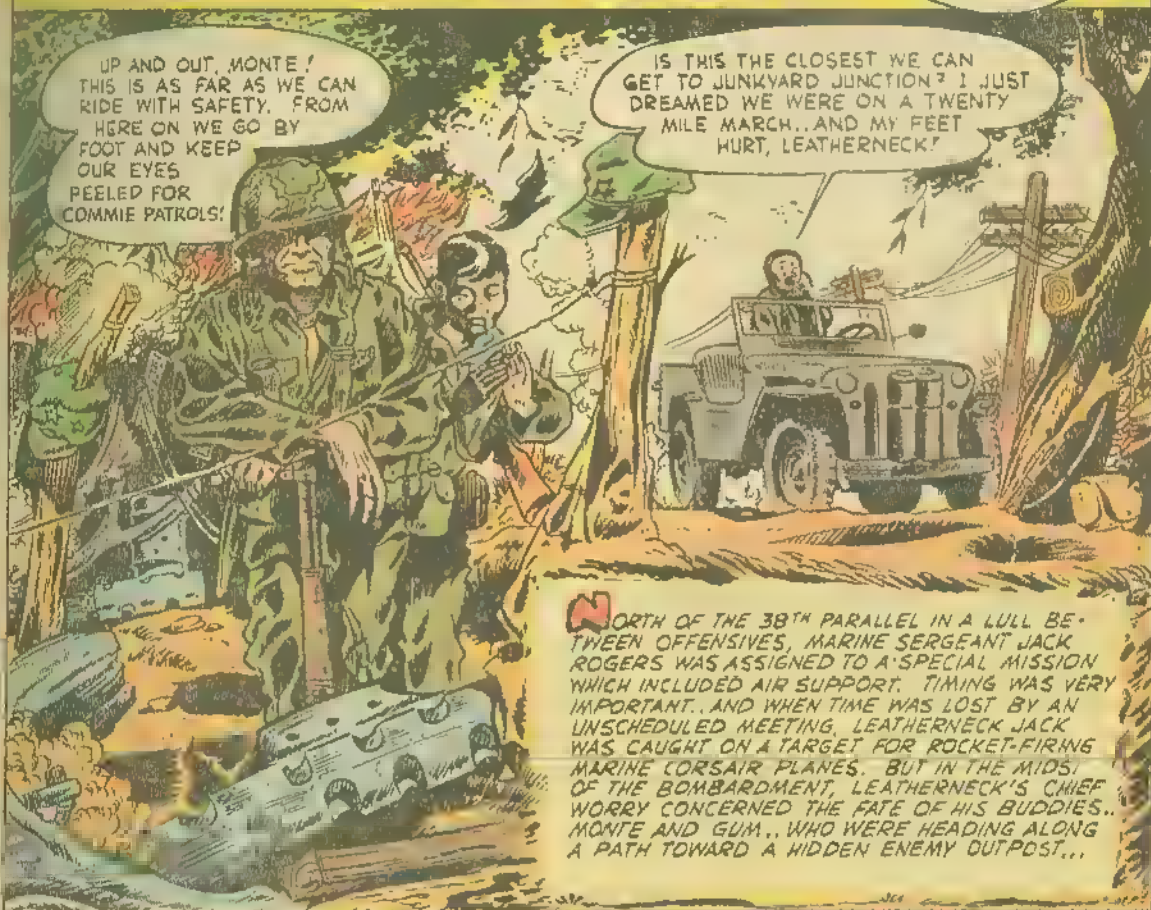
O'Brien had no intention of leaving his shallow trench right away. It was good cover, but as more of the enemy took advantage of the situation, his chance of joining the others would become very slim.

"The Marines aren't going to take this sitting down!" O'Brien assured himself. "Our fly boys will make up for their poor observation by coming over and plastering these Reds with five hundred pounders. Then more tanks and men will move up, and we'll send the Commies back where they came from."

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

Leatherneck Jack

in **Blitz at Junkyard Junction**



UP AND OUT, MONTE!
THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN
RIDE WITH SAFETY. FROM
HERE ON WE GO BY
FOOT AND KEEP
OUR EYES
PEELED FOR
COMMIE PATROLS!

IS THIS THE CLOSEST WE CAN
GET TO JUNKYARD JUNCTION? I JUST
DREAMED WE WERE ON A TWENTY
MILE MARCH...AND MY FEET
HURT, LEATHERNECK!

NORTH OF THE 38TH PARALLEL IN A LULL BETWEEN OFFENSIVES, MARINE SERGEANT JACK ROGERS WAS ASSIGNED TO A SPECIAL MISSION WHICH INCLUDED AIR SUPPORT. TIMING WAS VERY IMPORTANT. AND WHEN TIME WAS LOST BY AN UNSCHEDULED MEETING, LEATHERNECK JACK WAS CAUGHT ON A TARGET FOR ROCKET-FIRING MARINE CORSAIR PLANES. BUT IN THE MIDS OF THE BOMBARDMENT, LEATHERNECK'S CHIEF WORRY CONCERNED THE FATE OF HIS BUDDIES... MONTE AND GUM... WHO WERE HEADING ALONG A PATH TOWARD A HIDDEN ENEMY OUTPOST...

THE COMMIES HAVE INSTALLED AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY ABOVE JUNKYARD JUNCTION, MANNED BY A SKELETON CREW. WE'RE GOING TO JUMP 'EM WHILE THEY'RE FIRING AT TWO CORSAIRS THAT ARE COMING OVER AT 1600!

WE'D BETTER HUSTLE. IT'S THREE-THIRTY NOW, SO WE'VE GOT ONLY A HALF HOUR TO SNEAK UP ON THE BATTERY. THERE ARE A FEW BOMBED-OUT HOUSES BEHIND THOSE TREES, QUARTER MILE AHEAD!

WE'VE GOT TO PASS THOSE HOUSES TO REACH JUNKYARD JUNCTION. MY SPECIAL JOB IS TO DISMANTLE A RADAR CONTROLLED GUN-SIGHT. A NEW DEVICE DEVELOPED BY THE RUSSIANS... AND TOTE IT BACK FOR OUR ORDNANCE EXPERTS TO EXAMINE!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

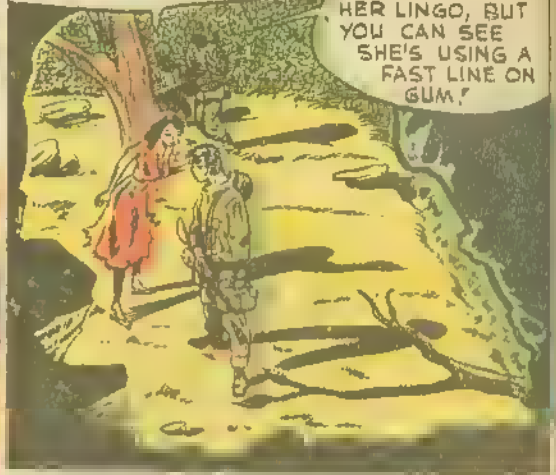
AS THE TWO MARINES, AND GUM, THE ROX PRIVATE ATTACHED TO THEIR UNIT APPROACH THE BOMBED-OUT HAMLET, A SULTRY STRANGER RUSHES FORTH TO MEET THEM...



QUESTION HER CAREFULLY, GUM. SHE'S PROBABLY A RED SYMPATHIZER OR ONE OF AN N.K. GUERRILLA BAND!

NIFTY LITTLE PACKAGE, AIN'T SHE, LEATHERNECK? SUPPOSE SHE'S INVITIN' US FOR TEA?

YEAH? FLAVORED WITH CYANIDE? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HER LINGO, BUT YOU CAN SEE SHE'S USING A FAST LINE ON GUM!

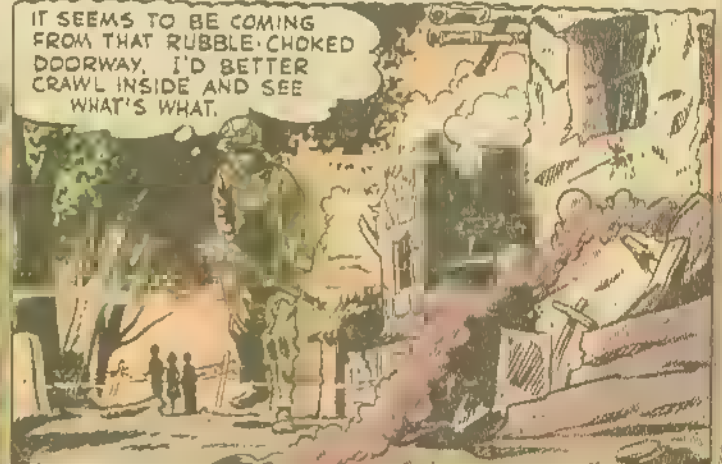


GIRL SAY SHE BELONG SOUTH, SHE ESCAPE FROM BUNCH OF PRISONERS REDS MAKE MARCH NORTH?

WE'VE HEARD THAT STORY BEFORE, GUM. YOU AND MONTE HOLD HER WHILE I CHECK THE HOUSES TO SEE WHO SHE'S COVERING UP FOR.

PROWLING THROUGH THE APPARENTLY DESERTED HAMLET, LEATHERNECK JACK CATCHES A TAPPING SOUND LIKE THAT OF A HAMMER STRIKING METAL...

IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THAT RUBBLE-CHOKED DOORWAY. I'D BETTER CRAWL INSIDE AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT.



FROM THE DOORWAY, LEATHERNECK CRAWLS THROUGH A TUNNEL TO WHAT IS LEFT OF A ROOM IN THE REAR OF THE BUILDING. THERE HE DISCOVERS A CHINESE RED WORKING OVER A RADIO TRANSMITTER...

SETTING UP A HIDDEN COMMUNICATIONS POST, WITH GASOLINE POWERED GENERATORS AND EVERYTHING. BUT HE'S MAKING SO MUCH NOISE HE WON'T HEAR ME!



to

GET YOUR MITTS OFF THAT PISTOL! SURRENDER OR I'LL SLUG YOU!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

IN THE LIGHTNING SCUFFLE, NEITHER LEATHERNECK NOR THE CHINESE DRAWS A HIT.. BUT LEATHERNECK IS MORE NIMBLE THAN HIS OPPONENT!

ANOTHER STEP AND HE'LL BE OFF BALANCE!

DOWN THE RATHOLE, YOU!

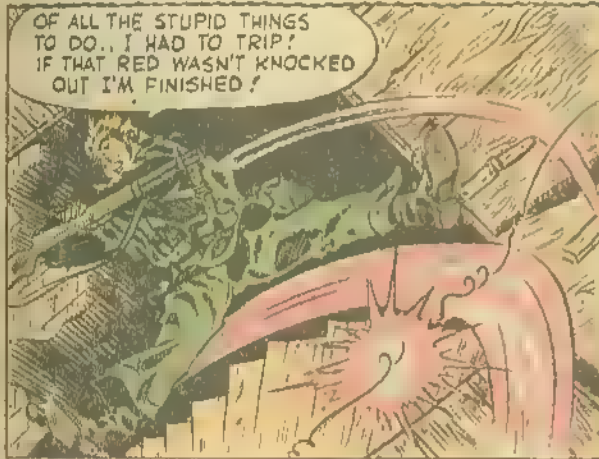
SCREAMING A GIBBERISH OF ORIENTAL OATHS, THE RED SOLDIER PLUNGES BACKWARD TO THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE STAIR- WELL.. WITH A SLAMMING ASSIST FROM THE ANGERED MARINE SERGEANT...

AND IF THAT DOESN'T FIX YOU, CRAWL BACK UP AND I WILL!

BUT AS LEATHERNECK WHIRLS TO DODGE A POSSIBLE SHOT FROM BELOW, HIS BOOT IS SNARED BY A WIRE HURLING HIM OFF BALANCE AND INTO THE DARK STAIR. WELL...

STRIKING HIS FOREHEAD SHARPLY ON THE EDGE OF A STEP, LEATHERNECK TUMBLES UNCONSCIOUS ONTO THE SPRAWLED FIGURE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS...

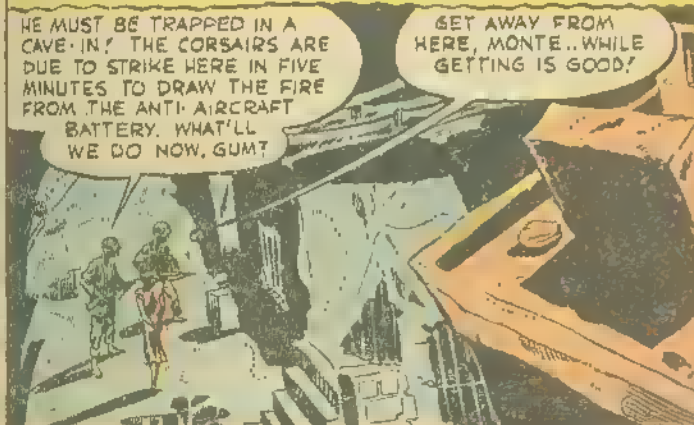
OF ALL THE STUPID THINGS TO DO.. I HAD TO TRIP! IF THAT RED WASN'T KNOCKED OUT I'M FINISHED!



TEN MINUTES LATER MONTE AND GUM MAKE A HURRIED SEARCH BUT FAIL TO FIND LEATHERNECK JACK...

HE MUST BE TRAPPED IN A CAVE-IN! THE CORSAIRS ARE DUE TO STRIKE HERE IN FIVE MINUTES TO DRAW THE FIRE FROM THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY. WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, GUM?

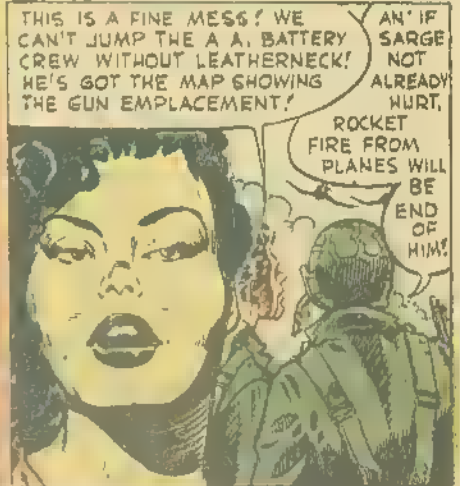
GET AWAY FROM HERE, MONTE..WHILE GETTING IS GOOD!



THIS IS A FINE MESS! WE CAN'T JUMP THE A. A. BATTERY CREW WITHOUT LEATHERNECK! HE'S GOT THE MAP SHOWING THE GUN EMPLACEMENT!

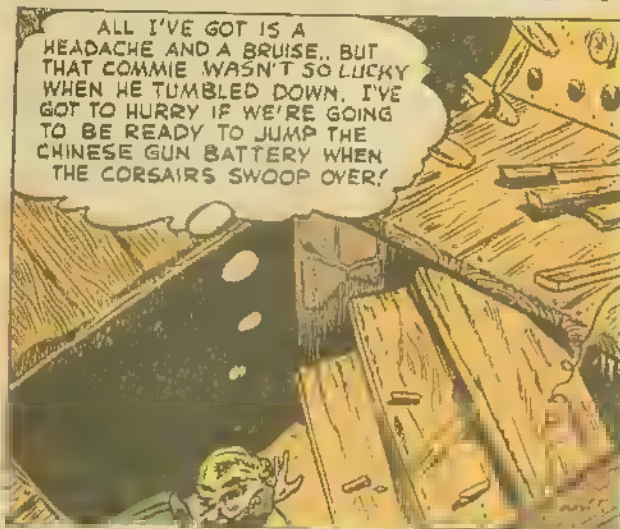
AN' IF SARGE NOT ALREADY HURT,

ROCKET FIRE FROM PLANES WILL BE END OF HIM!



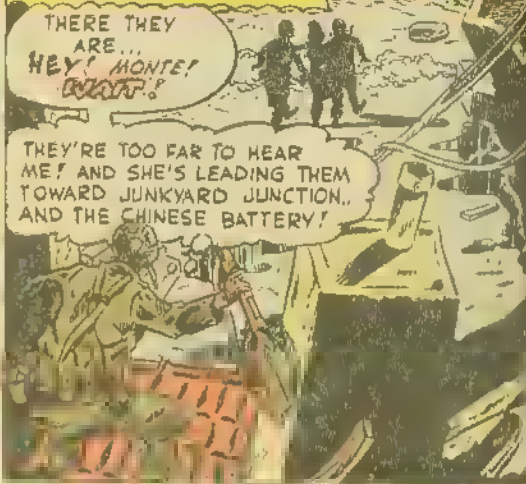
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MEANWHILE LEATHERNECK HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES...



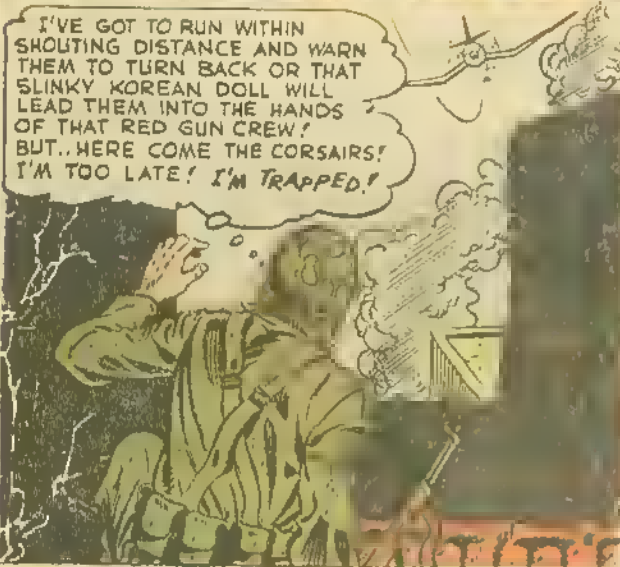
ALL I'VE GOT IS A HEADACHE AND A BRUISE.. BUT THAT COMMIE WASN'T SO LUCKY WHEN HE TUMBLED DOWN. I'VE GOT TO HURRY IF WE'RE GOING TO BE READY TO JUMP THE CHINESE GUN BATTERY WHEN THE CORSAIRS SWEEP OVER!

CRAWLING THROUGH THE TUNNEL TO THE STREET, LEATHERNECK JACK SCRAMBLES UP THE ONLY ROOF LEFT STANDING...

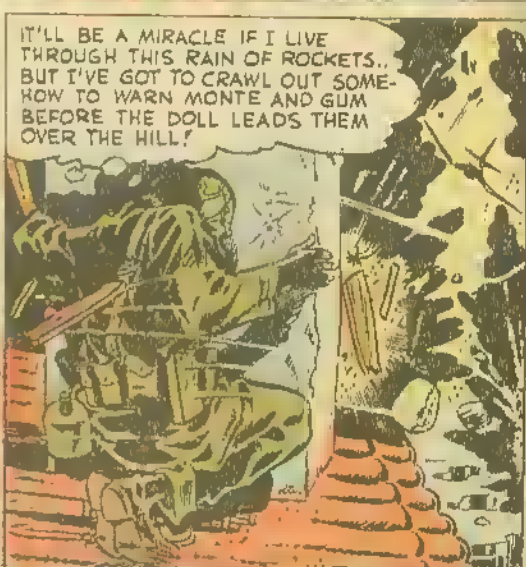


THERE THEY ARE...
HEY! MONTE!
WAIT!

THEY'RE TOO FAR TO HEAR ME! AND SHE'S LEADING THEM TOWARD JUNKYARD JUNCTION.. AND THE CHINESE BATTERY!

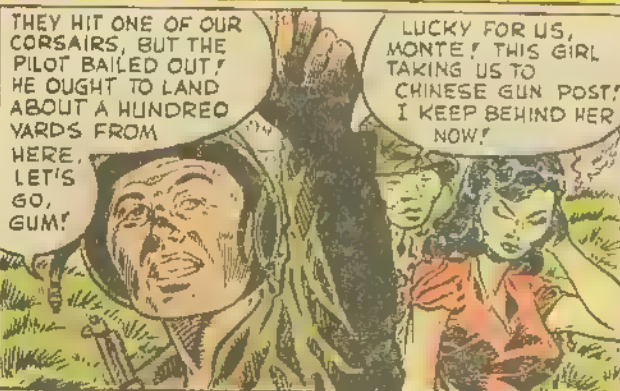


I'VE GOT TO RUN WITHIN SHOUTING DISTANCE AND WARN THEM TO TURN BACK OR THAT SLINKY KOREAN DOLL WILL LEAD THEM INTO THE HANDS OF THAT RED GUN CREW! BUT.. HERE COME THE CORSAIRS! I'M TOO LATE! I'M TRAPPED!



IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF I LIVE THROUGH THIS RAIN OF ROCKETS.. BUT I'VE GOT TO CRAWL OUT SOMEHOW TO WARN MONTE AND GUM BEFORE THE DOLL LEADS THEM OVER THE HILL!

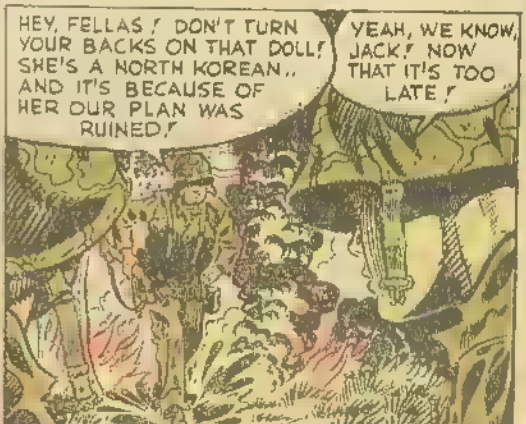
EMPTYING THEIR ROCKET RACKS, THE CORSAIRS ZOOM FOR COVER THROUGH LOW HANGING CLOUDS. BUT FROM BEHIND THE HILL, RADAR CONTROLLED GUN SIGHTS TRAIN A BARRAGE OF BURSTING ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS.



THEY HIT ONE OF OUR CORSAIRS, BUT THE PILOT BAILED OUT! HE OUGHT TO LAND ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS FROM HERE. LET'S GO, GUM!

LUCKY FOR US, MONTE! THIS GIRL TAKING US TO CHINESE GUN POST! I KEEP BEHIND HER NOW!

LEATHERNECK JACK HAS MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED UNHURT AND RUSHES TO JOIN THEM...



HEY, FELLAS! DON'T TURN YOUR BACKS ON THAT DOLL! SHE'S A NORTH KOREAN.. AND IT'S BECAUSE OF HER OUR PLAN WAS RUINED!

YEAH, WE KNOW, JACK! NOW THAT IT'S TOO LATE!

FIGHTIN' MARINES

THERE'S
CORSAIR
PILOT!

NOW WE'LL BE SUNK IF
WE DON'T ACT SWIFTLY!
THE CHINESE WILL SEND
A PATROL OVER THE HILL
TO SEARCH FOR HIM.
WE'VE GOT TO WORK OUR
WAY AROUND AND
THEN JUMP THEIR
GUN CREW BEFORE
THEY SPOT US!

I'LL JOIN YOU, SER-
GEANT! I'VE GOT A
PERSONAL SCORE
TO SETTLE WITH
THOSE COMMIES!

AT LEATHERNECK'S DIRECTION, GUM
LEADS THE RED KOREAN GIRL INTO A
THICKET AT THE BASE OF A HILL AND
MAKES SURE SHE WON'T ESCAPE..!

SHE'S LESS LIKELY TO BETRAY US IF
WE LEAVE HER HERE

THREE CHINESE
REDS SLIPPING
DOWN FROM THE
FAR SIDE, LEATHER-
NECK. HOLD IT
TILL THEY PASS!

OKAY, MONTE..THEN
WE'VE GOT TO MOVE
FAST AROUND THE
TOP RIDGE ON
THIS SIDE
AND CREEP
DOWN ON THE
BATTERY!

AS DUSK FALLS, THE DARING QUARTET TAKES COVER LESS THAN
FIFTY YARDS ABOVE A CAMOUFLAGED GUN EMPLACEMENT...

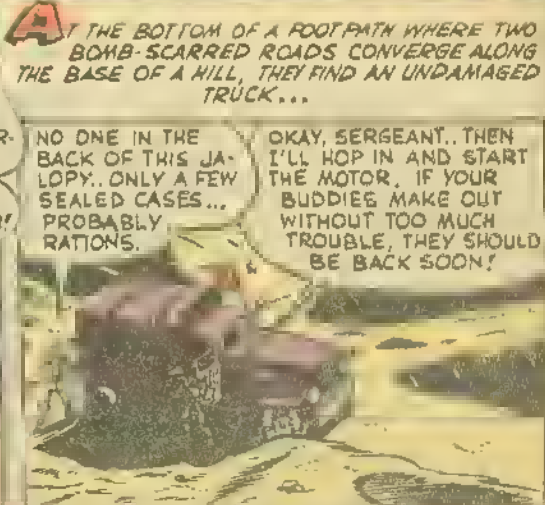
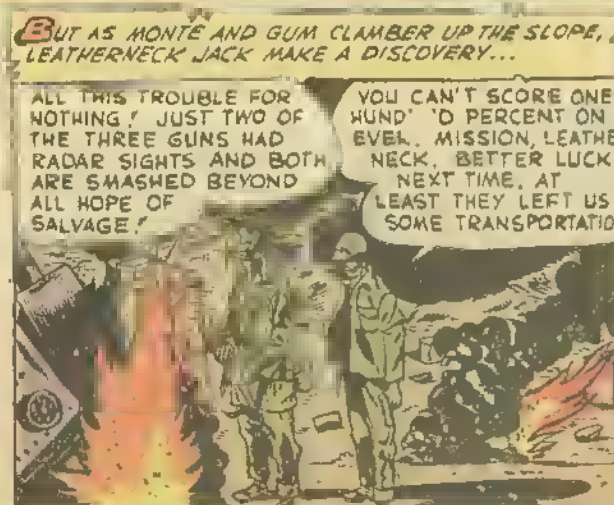
THREE GUNS UNDER
THE NETS AND I CAN'T GET
A SIGHT ON THEM FROM
HERE, LIEUTENANT!

PULL BACK..DOUBLE
THE DISTANCE, SERGEANT.
I HEAR PLANES. GOOD OLD
FOGARTY'S COMING BACK
TO WHAM-BAM THIS GUN
NEST FROM TREE-TOP
LEVEL!

THE CHINESE GUN CREW SCRAMBLES MADLY AROUND
THE BATTERY FOR THE RADAR SIGHTS ARE OF NO USE
AGAINST A LOW-FLYING ATTACK...

JELLIED GASOLINE AND FRAGMENTATION
BOMBS BURST ON THE TARGET... AND AS
THE CORSAIR'S BANK SHARPLY AGAINST
THE HILLSIDE, THE QUARTET CHARGES THE
BATTERY...

FIGHTIN' MARINES



OKAY, SERGEANT.. THEN I'LL HOP IN AND START THE MOTOR. IF YOUR BUDDIES MAKE OUT WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE, THEY SHOULD BE BACK SOON!

FIGHTIN' MARINES

AS LEATHERNECK RIPS OPEN ONE OF THE CASES IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK, MONTE AND GUM RETURN WITH THE NORTH KOREAN GIRL...

HOW'D YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR US? WHERE ARE THE THREE CHINESE WHO WENT OVER THE RIDGE?

THEY STARTED SHOOTING WHEN WE CALLED FOR THEM TO SURRENDER, SO WE LET 'EM HAVE IT! GUM SPOTTED YOU DOWN HERE!



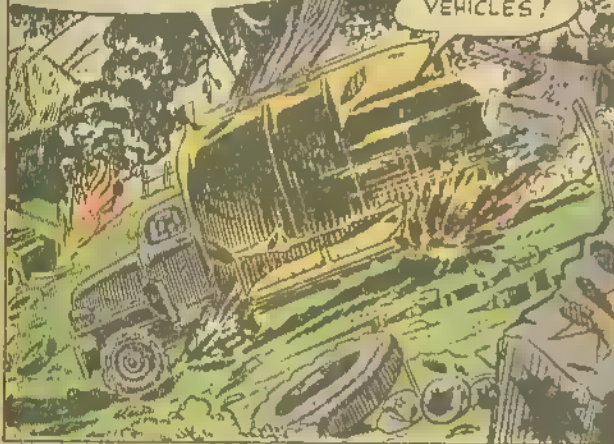
LET 'ER ROLL, LIEUTENANT! YOU MUST HAVE FLOWN OVER THESE ROADS ENOUGH TIMES TO KNOW THE WAY BACK!

HERE WE GO! WHEN WE HIT THE CURVE BELOW YOU'LL SEE WHY THEY CALL IT JUNKYARD JUNCTION.



THIS IS WHAT OUR ARTILLERY DID THE LAST TIME THE REDS TRIED TO ADVANCE ALONG THIS ROAD!

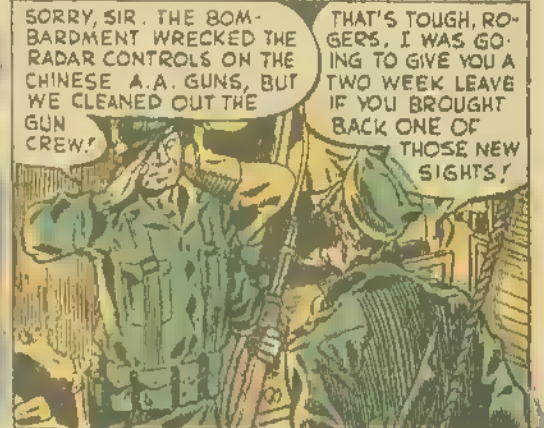
JUNKYARD IS RIGHT! I NEVER SAW SO MANY WRECKED VEHICLES!



AFTER A ROUGH RIDE THROUGH THE DUSK AND A DANGEROUSLY CLOSE VOLLEY FROM MARINE SENTRIES ON THE OUTER PERIMETER OF THE U. N. ADVANCE POSITION, LEATHERNECK REPORTS TO HIS CAPTAIN...

SORRY, SIR. THE BOMBARDMENT WRECKED THE RADAR CONTROLS ON THE CHINESE A.A. GUNS, BUT WE CLEANED OUT THE GUN CREW!

THAT'S TOUGH, ROGERS. I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU A TWO WEEK LEAVE IF YOU BROUGHT BACK ONE OF THOSE NEW SIGHTS!



LATER, AS LEATHERNECK DROPS A LINE TO A BLONDE MILITARY GOVERNMENT CLERK IN TOKYO, TELLING HER OF HIS BAD LUCK, A PRIVATE BARGES INTO HIS FOXHOLE...

WHAT IS IT, KID? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?

NOT TOO BUSY TO START A TWO WEEKS' LEAVE, ARE YOU, LEATHERNECK? THE CAPTAIN OPENED THE REST OF THE CASES IN THE TRUCK AND IN THE LAST ONE FOUND A COMPLETE RADAR CONTROLLED GUN SIGHT!



KOREA SEEMS LIKE A MILLION MILES AWAY THE NEXT DAY TO LEATHERNECK JACK AFTER HE IS FLOWN TO TOKYO...

ONLY TWO OF THE GUNS HAD THE SIGHTS, SO NATURALLY I KNEW THE MISSING SIGHT WAS IN ONE OF THE CASES!

GOSH, JACK, YOU MUST BE THE SMARTEST MARINE IN YOUR DIVISION!



Canteen Kate

in "CALL TO ARMS"



SAY, AL, YOU HAVE A JEEP OUTSIDE, HAVEN'T YOU? I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

OH, NO! EVERY TIME YOU GET AN IDEA, I GET INTO TROUBLE!



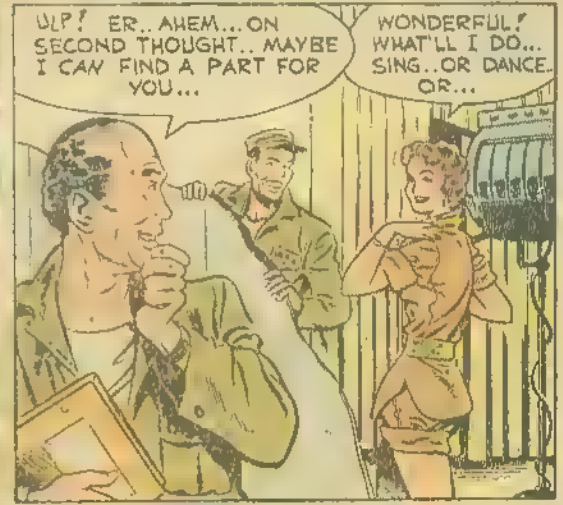
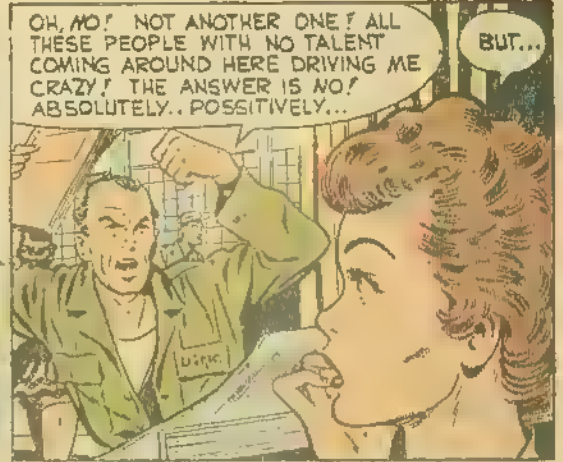
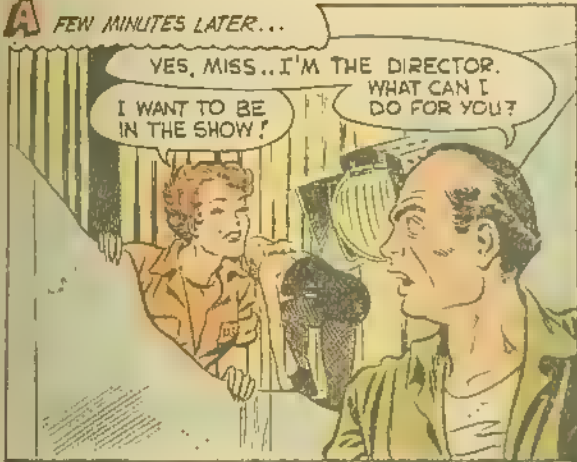
I KNEW YOU'D HELP! I JUST WANT YOU TO DRIVE ME TO THE THEATRE. I'M GOING TO GET A PART IN THE SHOW!

A MAN'S ARMY.. HMPH!

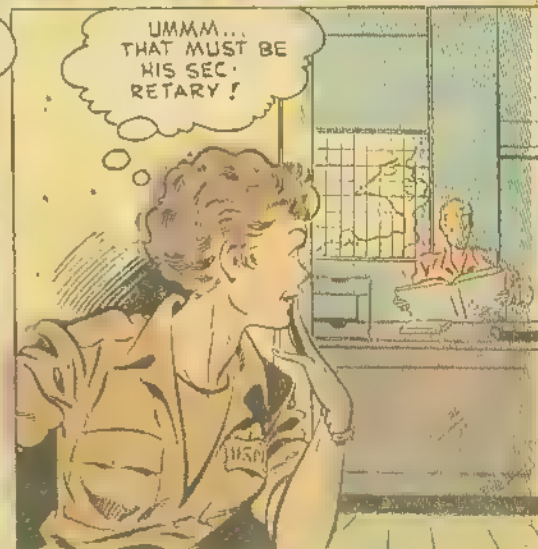
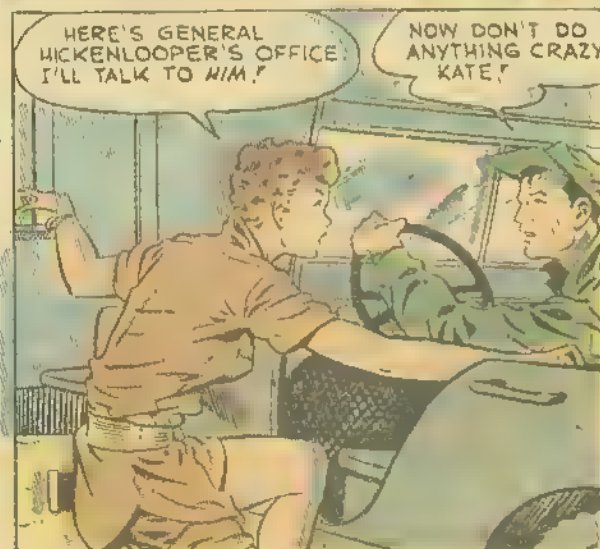
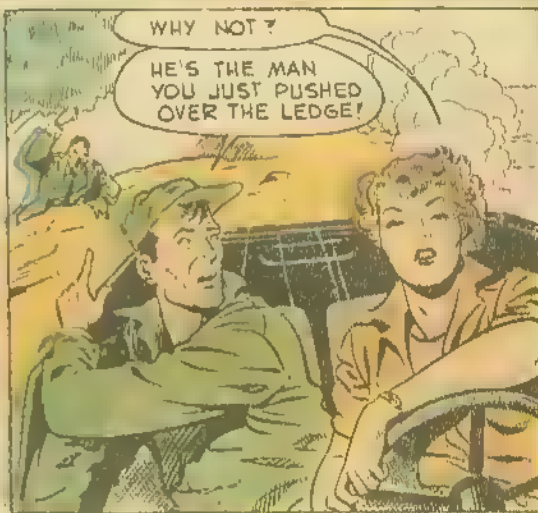
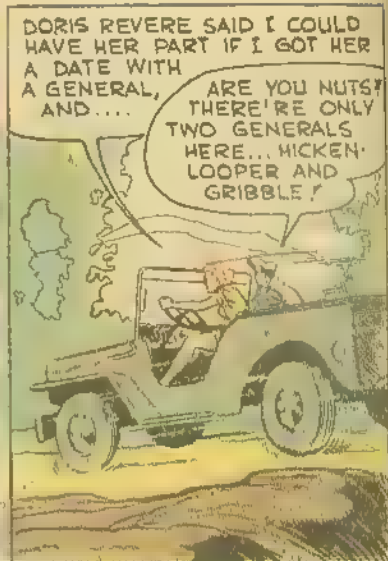
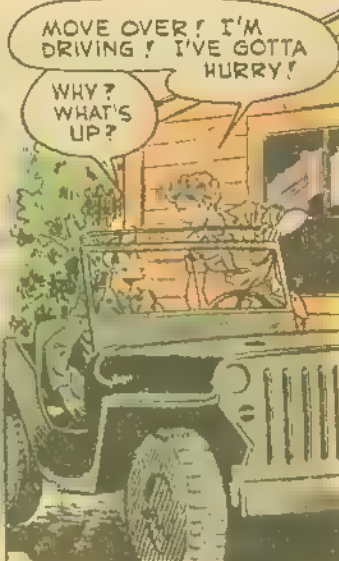


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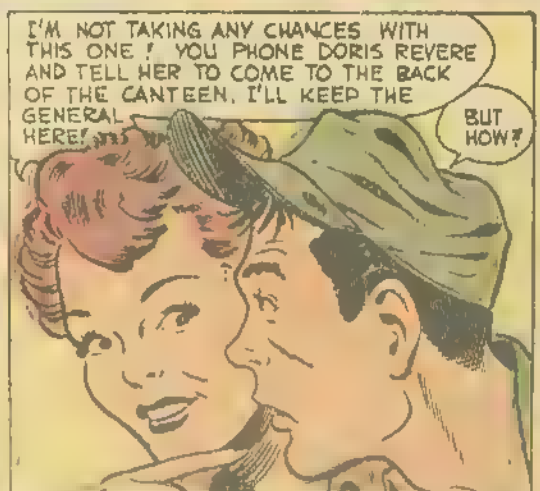
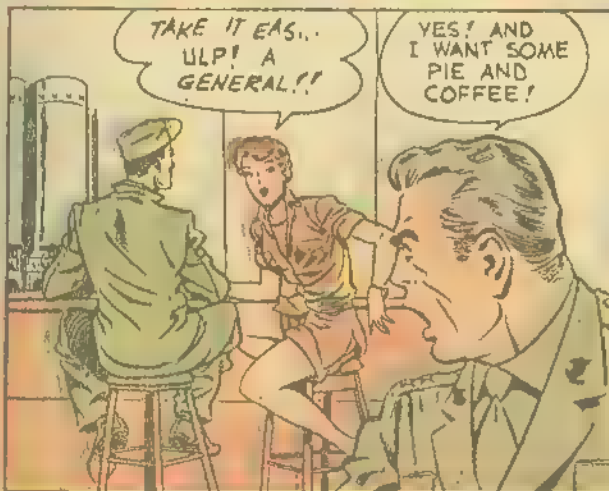
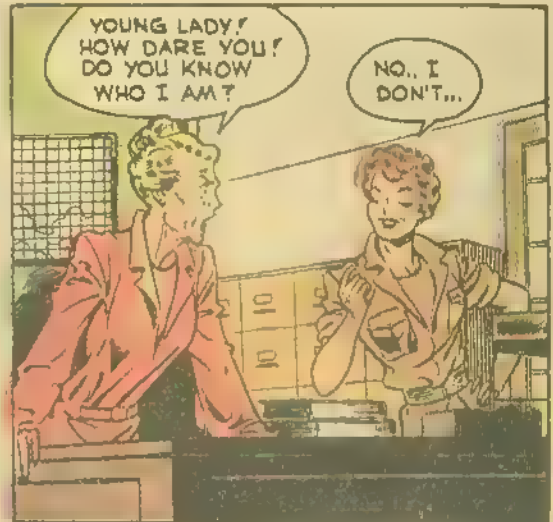
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



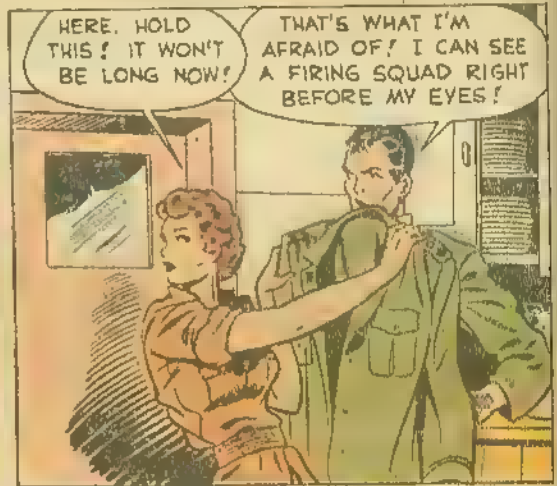
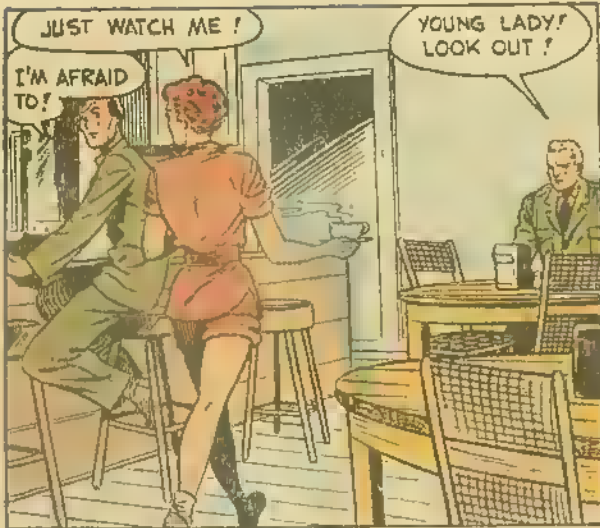
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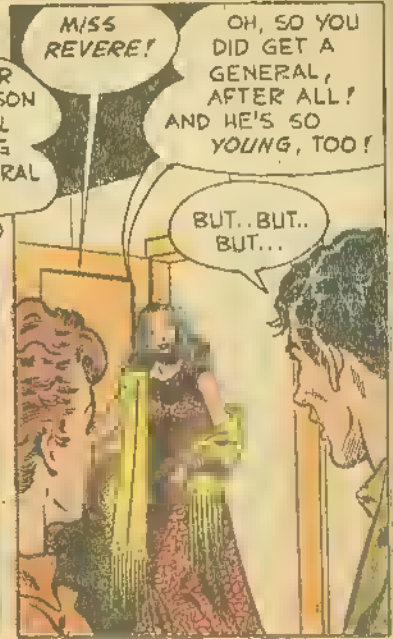
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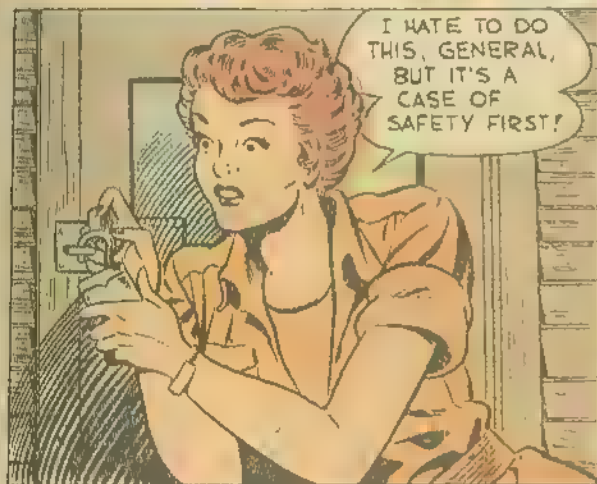
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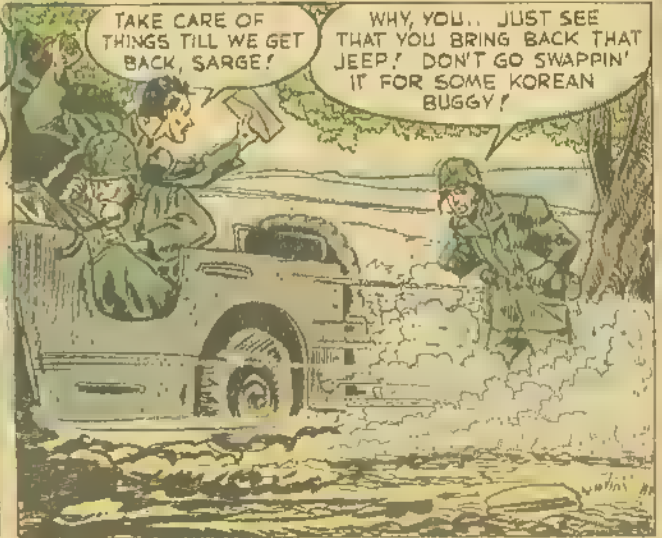
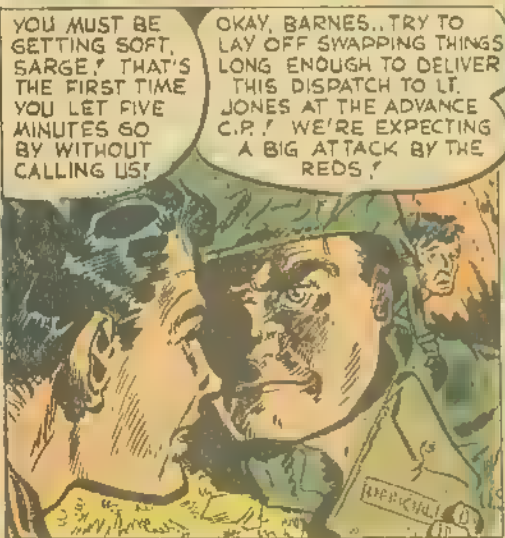
TWO SECONDS LATER...



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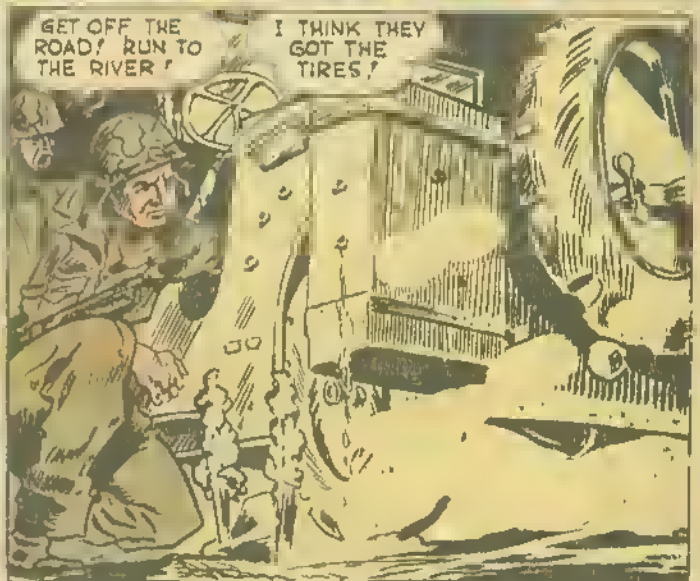


FRONT LINE SNAFU

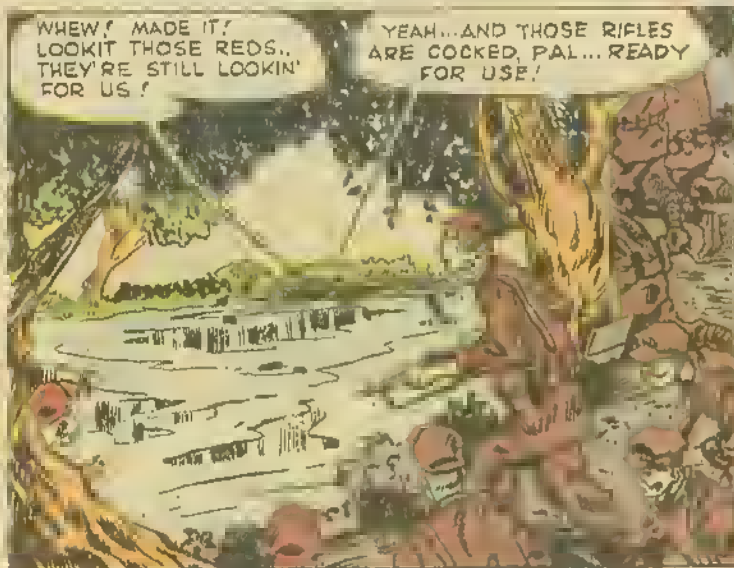


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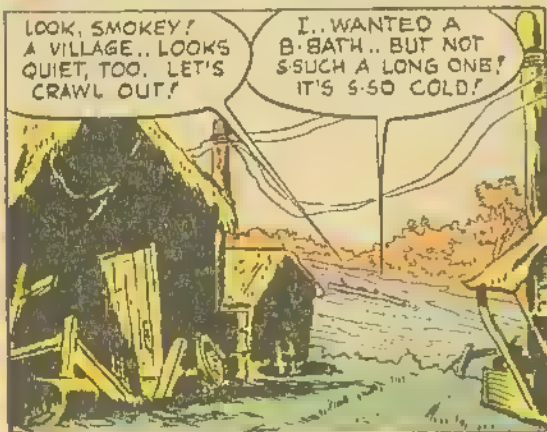
AN HOUR LATER, THE DISPATCH IS DELIVERED AND...



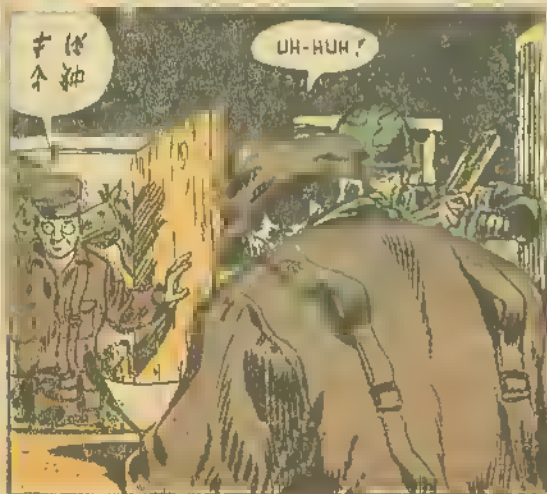
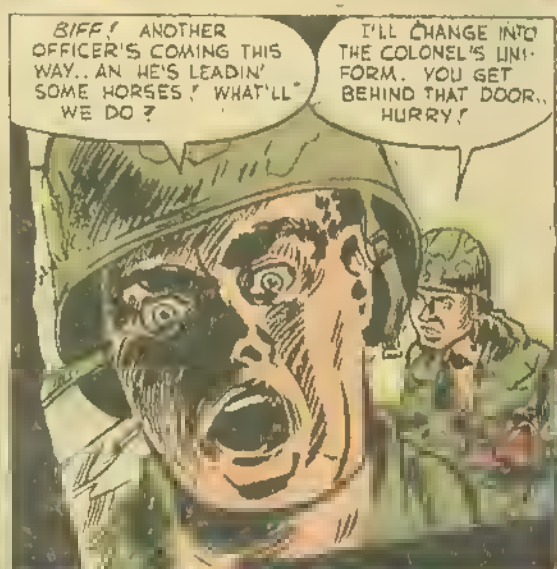
FIGHTIN' MARINES



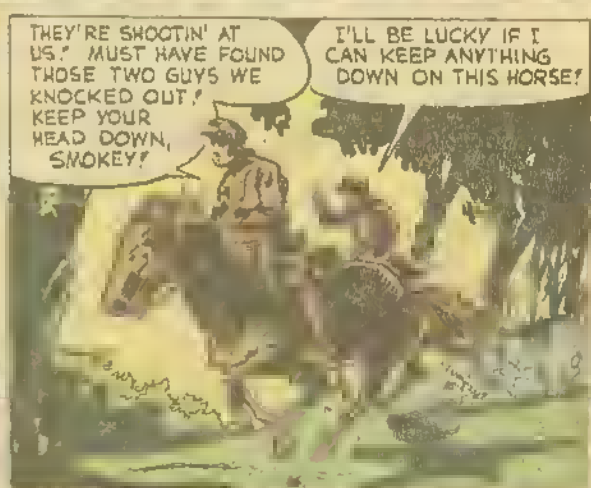
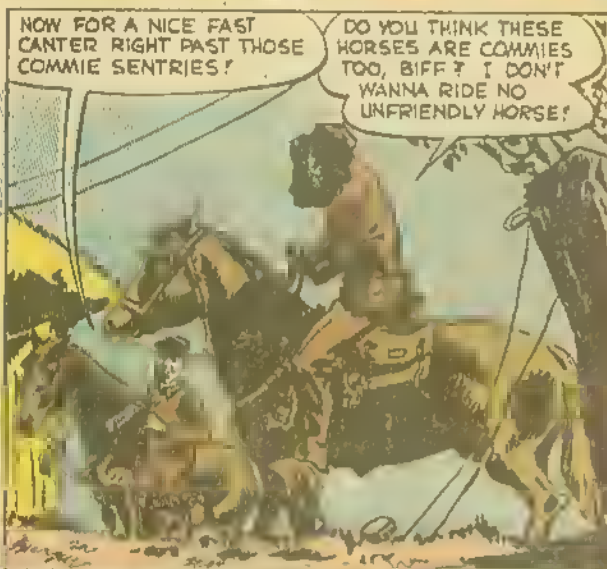
DURING THE NEXT HOUR, BIFF AND SMOKEY DRIFT THREE MILES DOWN THE RIVER...



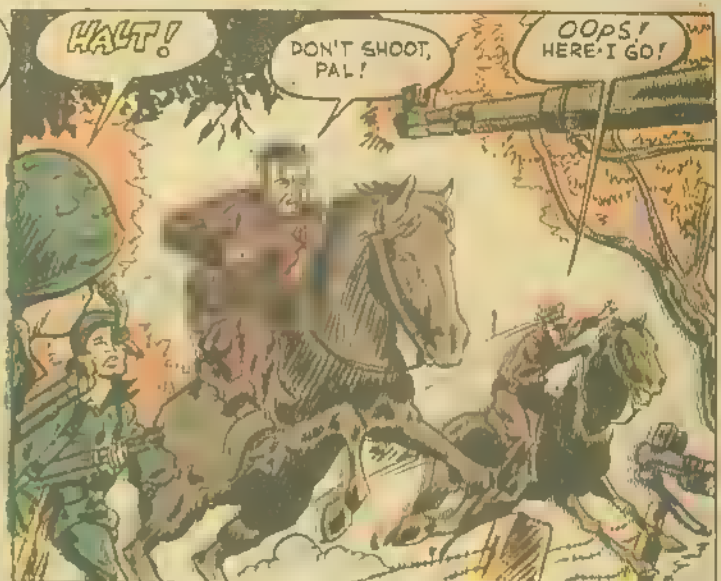
FIGHTIN' MARINES



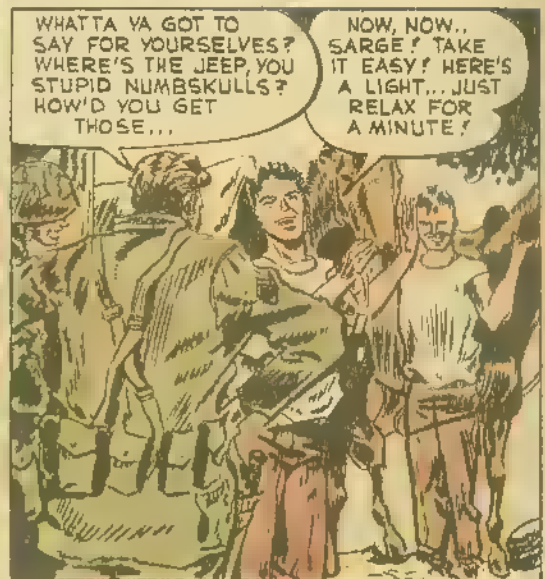
FIGHTIN' MARINES



FIGHTIN' MARINES



FIGHTIN' MARINES



FIGHTIN' MARINES

DISGUISED FOR DEATH

WHAT A NIGHT THIS IS GOING TO BE! IT'S ALMOST DARK NOW AND TORRENTS OF RAIN WILL LASH DOWN ANY MINUTE!

MARINE CORPORAL BILL RYAN WAS ALERT FOR TROUBLE AS HE STOOD GUARD OUTSIDE AN AMERICAN CONSULATE IN THE TURMOILED NEAR EAST.

A RAGING STORM HAD BLOWN FROM THE NORTH-WEST BORDER, TEARING DOWN ELECTRIC AND PHONE LINES, AND BLOCKING MANY ROADS.

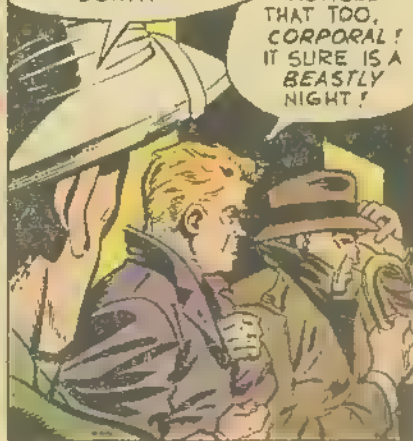
THE HOWLING WIND WOULD MUFFLE A PISTOL SHOT OR A CRY FOR HELP... BUT NO MARINE EVER SHRANK FROM THE FACE OF GRIM PERIL!

THE VICE-CONSUL AND A STRANGER! IT'S NOT UNCOMMON FOR HIM TO RETURN AFTER THE STAFF HAS LEFT FOR THE NIGHT, BUT HIS BUSINESS MUST BE URGENT TO HAVE BROUGHT HIM OUT IN THIS STORM!

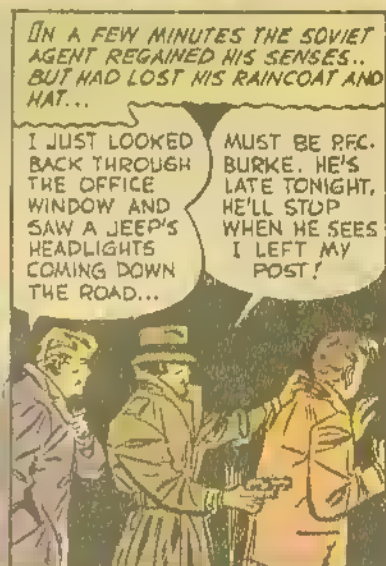
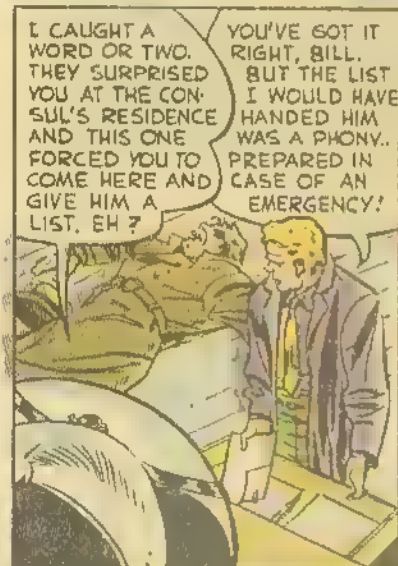
GOOD EVENING, MR. DANIELS. LUCKY THE CONSULATE HAS ITS OWN POWER PLANT. ALL THE LINES ARE DOWN!

I NOTICED THAT TOO, CORPORAL! IT SURE IS A BEASTLY NIGHT!

HE ALWAYS ADDRESSES ME AS BILL, NOT CORPORAL! AND HE DESPISES THE EXPRESSION 'BEASTLY'! I'D BETTER POKE MY HEAD IN THERE AFTER THEY'VE REACHED DANIEL'S OFFICE!



FIGHTIN' MARINES



FIGHTIN' MARINES

THE MARINE PFC ON MOTOR PATROL RELIEVED CORPORAL RYAN OF HIS PRISONER...

I'LL TOSS HIM IN THE TOWN JUG THEN RUSH TO REPORT TO SERGEANT COCHRANE. WHY THE MASQUERADE, RYAN?

RACE OVER TO MR. PATRICK'S HOUSE AFTER YOU PICK UP THE SERGEANT... THEN YOU'LL FIND OUT!

SO FAR YOU'VE FOOLED HIM, BUT HE'S PROBABLY WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW.

YOU KNOCK. WHEN HE OPENS THE DOOR I'LL JUMP HIM!



BUT BEFORE THEY REACHED THE DOOR, VASSILY PLUNGED IT WIDE AND BLASTED A SHOT AT CORPORAL RYAN...

THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! REACH DOWN AND REMOVE THE LIST FROM HIS POCKET, DANIELS. QUICK, NOW!

HE WAS SENT BY THE NKVD. OUR SECRET POLICE TO SPY ON ME. NOW I CAN REPORT THAT HE FAILED AND SAY IT WAS I WHO OBTAINED THE LIST.

HOLY SMOKE! RYAN'S DISGUISE FOOLED VASSILY COMPLETELY! BUT NOW I'M IN A TIGHT SPOT!



HE'S DEAD, BUT THE LIST MUST HAVE BLOWN FROM HIS BREAST POCKET WHEN WE WERE STRUCK BY A HARD GUST OF WIND. I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING FLUTTER BACK THERE... FOLLOW ME!

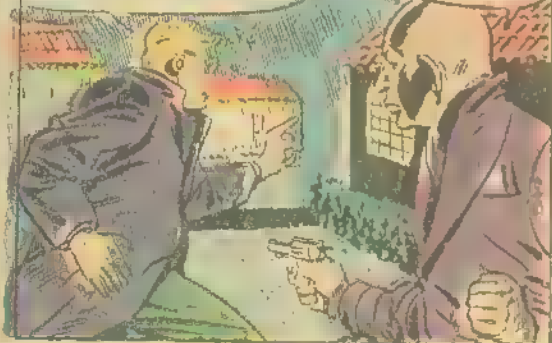
IF THIS IS A TRICK, YOU'LL BE THE NEXT MAN TO DIE. PATRICK CANNOT HELP YOU! I BOUND HIM TO A CHAIR!

THE RAGING STORM MUFFLED THE BEAT OF QUICK FOOTSTEPS BEHIND VASSILY...

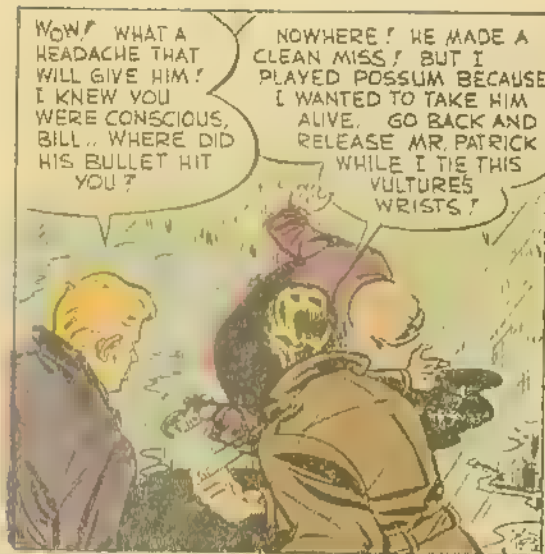
THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING OF WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO A LOT OF REDS!

HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT LYING, DANIELS?

YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME! YOU HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE.

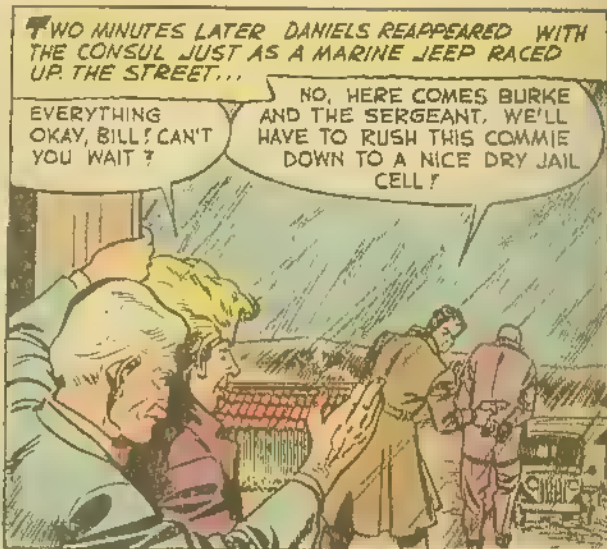


FIGHTIN' MARINES



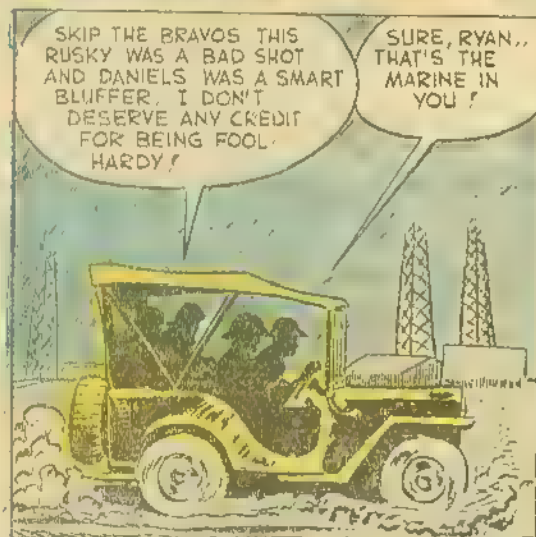
WOW! WHAT A HEADACHE THAT WILL GIVE HIM! I KNEW YOU WERE CONSCIOUS, BILL... WHERE DID HIS BULLET HIT YOU?

NOWHERE! HE MADE A CLEAN MISS! BUT I PLAYED POSSUM BECAUSE I WANTED TO TAKE HIM ALIVE. GO BACK AND RELEASE MR. PATRICK WHILE I TIE THIS VULTURE'S WRISTS!



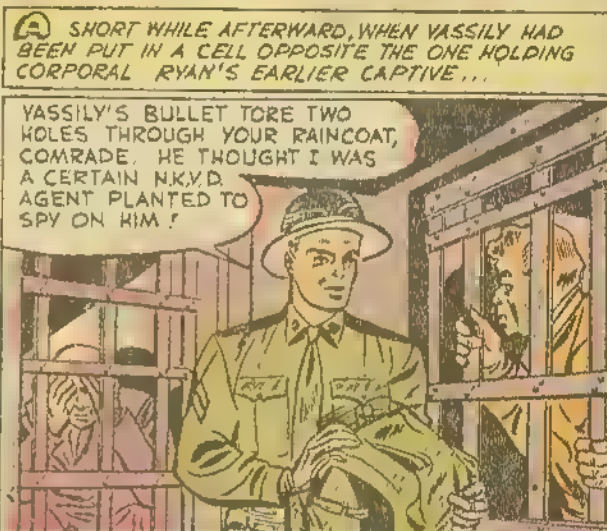
EVERYTHING OKAY, BILL? CAN'T YOU WAIT?

NO, HERE COMES BURKE AND THE SERGEANT. WE'LL HAVE TO RUSH THIS COMMIE DOWN TO A NICE DRY JAIL CELL!



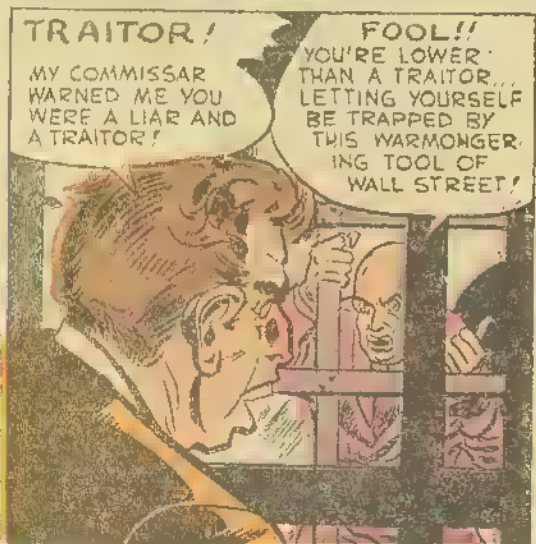
SKIP THE BRAVOS THIS RUSKY WAS A BAD SHOT AND DANIELS WAS A SMART BLUFFER. I DON'T DESERVE ANY CREDIT FOR BEING FOOL-HARDY!

SURE, RYAN... THAT'S THE MARINE IN YOU!



A SHORT WHILE AFTERWARD, WHEN VASSILY HAD BEEN PUT IN A CELL OPPOSITE THE ONE HOLDING CORPORAL RYAN'S EARLIER CAPTIVE...

VASSILY'S BULLET TORE TWO HOLES THROUGH YOUR RAINCOAT, COMRADE. HE THOUGHT I WAS A CERTAIN N.K.V.D. AGENT PLANTED TO SPY ON HIM!



TRAITOR!

MY COMMISSAR WARNED ME YOU WERE A LIAR AND A TRAITOR!

FOOL!! YOU'RE LOWER THAN A TRAITOR... LETTING YOURSELF BE TRAPPED BY THIS WARMONGERING TOOL OF WALL STREET!




YOU'RE ALL WET, VASSILY! SURE, I'M A CAPITALIST ON PAY DAY.. BUT BACK HOME I'M JUST A GUY WHOSE FOLKS LIVE OVER THE GROCERY STORE ON MAIN STREET.

THE MARINES TURNED THE SOVIET AGENTS OVER TO THE NATIVE AUTHORITIES, AND A NATIONAL TRIBUNAL SENTENCED BOTH SPIES TO TEN YEARS AT HARD LABOR!

FIGHTIN' MARINES

ENEMY **B**BREAKTHROUGH



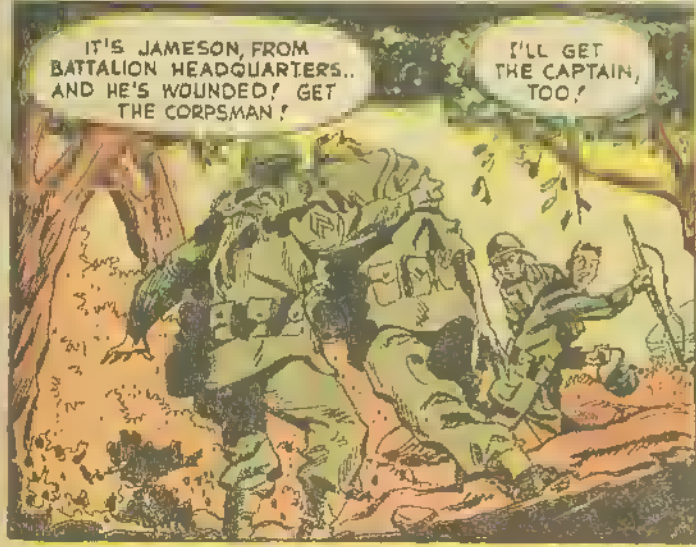
IF IT AIN'T THE DOG-FOOD
THAT BOTHERS ME...IT'S THE
WAITIN'! WE'VE BEEN DUG IN
THIS RAT TRAP FOR TWO
DAYS AND *NOTHIN'S*
HAPPENED!

STOP BEEFIN' STOGIE!
IF THE *REDS* BREAK
THROUGH YOU'LL HAVE
PLENTY TO KEEP
YOU BUSY!

HEY! SOMEONE'S
OUT THERE!


THE MEN OF COMPANY B OF THE FIFTH MARINE BATTALION, WERE HARD-BITTEN VETERANS OF THE TOUGHEST FIGHTING IN KOREA. GRIPING ABOUT CONDITIONS WAS PART OF THEIR EVERYDAY LIFE.. BUT WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, AND A COMMUNIST BREAKTHROUGH THREATENED A VITAL UNITED NATIONS POSITION, EVERY MAN FORGOT HIS PERSONAL PROBLEMS AND WORKED TO-GETHER AS PART OF THE GREATEST FIGHTING UNIT THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN...

THE UNITED STATES MARINES!



IT'S JAMESON, FROM
BATTALION HEADQUARTERS..
AND HE'S WOUNDED! GET
THE CORPSMAN!

I'LL GET
THE CAPTAIN,
TOO!



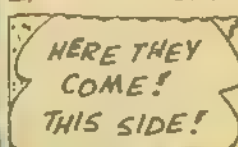
THE REDS...
BROKE.. THROUGH...
BATTALION HEAD-
QUARTERS WIPED,
OUT...

TAKE IT
EASY,
JAMIE,
YOU'LL
BE ALL
RIGHT.

FIGHTIN' MARINES



THEN SUDDENLY...



BUT THE ENEMY FORCE WAS TOO GREAT FOR THE MARINE COMPANY, AND THEY WERE GRADUALLY PUSHED INTO A NATURAL POCKET DEEPER INTO ENEMY TERRITORY!



FIGHTIN' MARINES



FIGHTIN' MARINES

A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE COMPANY A COMMAND POST...

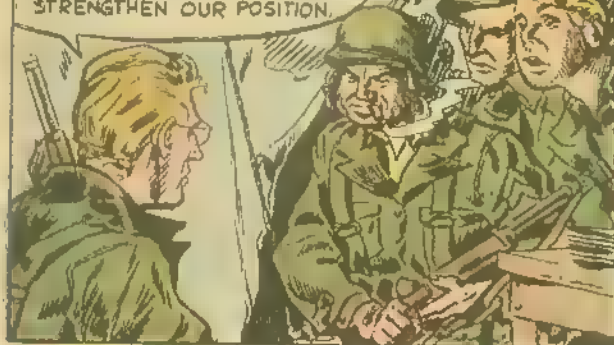
I'M GLAD YOU MEN ARE HERE. WORD JUST CAME THROUGH FROM DIVISION HEADQUARTERS. THEY'RE EXPECTING ANOTHER BREAK THROUGH ATTEMPT IN THIS AREA. THEY WANT COMPANY B TO JOIN UP WITH US TO STRENGTHEN OUR POSITION.

WE'LL GET RIGHT BACK AND TELL THE CO., SIR!

THERE'S ANOTHER THING! IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR DIVISION HAS ORDERED AN ARTILLERY BARRAGE LAID DOWN TO PROTECT THIS AREA. COMPANY B IS RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THAT BARRAGE. IF YOU DON'T GET THEM OUT OF THERE BY 1600...

GOOD GOSH! WE'LL BE KNOCKED OUT BY OUR OWN ARTILLERY!

LET'S GET GOING, STOGIE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

I'VE GOT A FEELIN' WE'RE NOT THE ONLY GUYS IN THESE WOODS!

YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN'! AND I DON'T WANT TO RUN INTO A COMMIE PATROL. NOT WITHOUT BEIN' PROPERLY INTRODUCED!

THERE'S YOUR INTRODUCTION!

UHG!

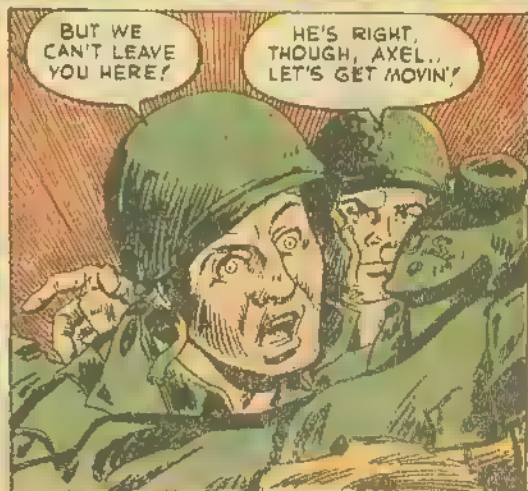
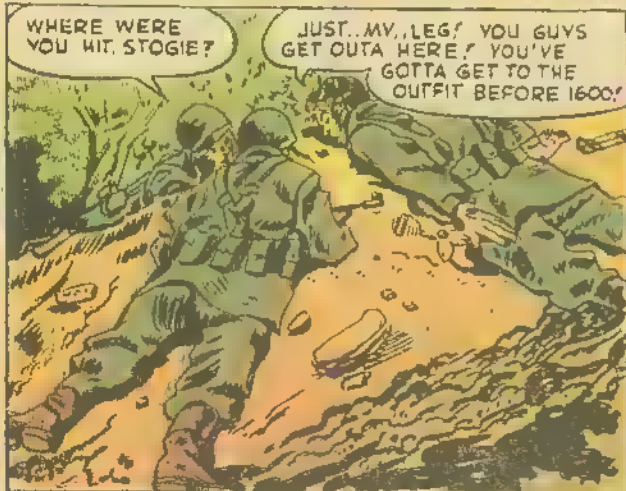


WHERE WERE YOU HIT, STOGIE?

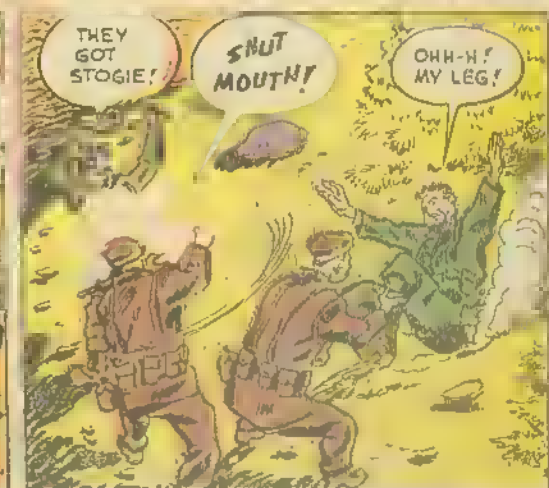
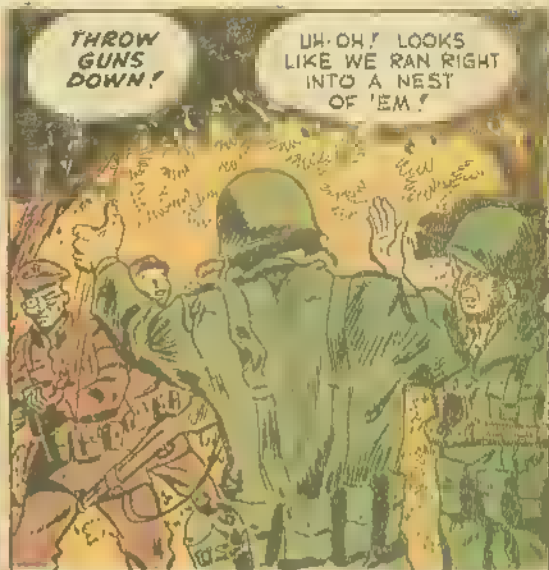
JUST..MY..LEG! YOU GUYS GET OUTA HERE! YOU'VE GOTTA GET TO THE OUTFIT BEFORE 1600!

BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE YOU HERE!

HE'S RIGHT, THOUGH, AXEL.. LET'S GET MOVIN'!

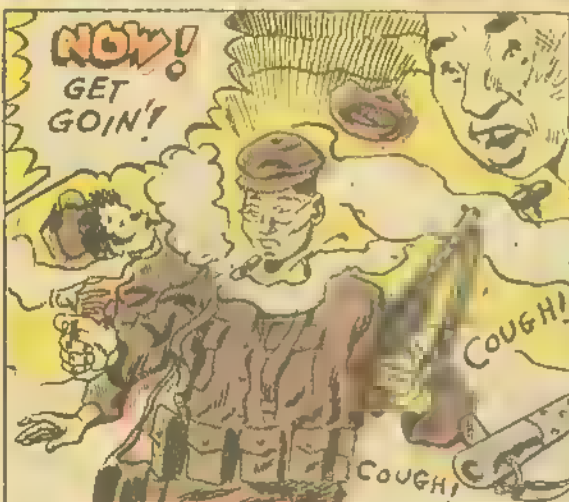


FIGHTIN' MARINES

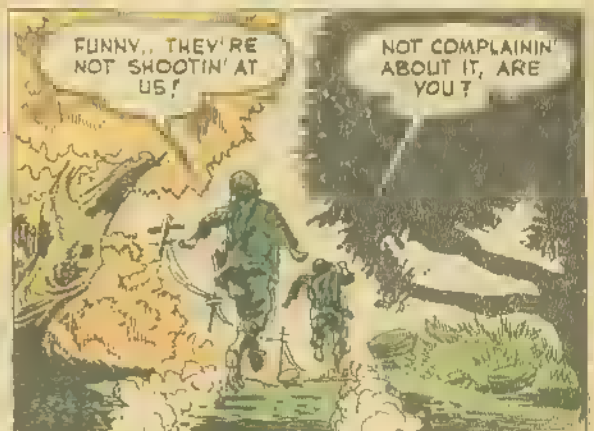


FIGHTIN' MARINES

WITH ALL THREE MARINES CAPTURED, THE LAST HOPE OF WARNING COMPANY B SEEMED TO DISAPPEAR...

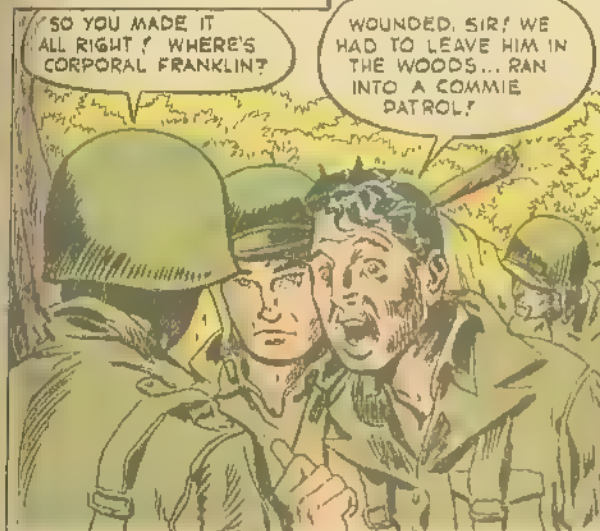


FOLLOWING STOGIE'S ADVICE, TIM AND AXEL RACED IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF B COMPANY...



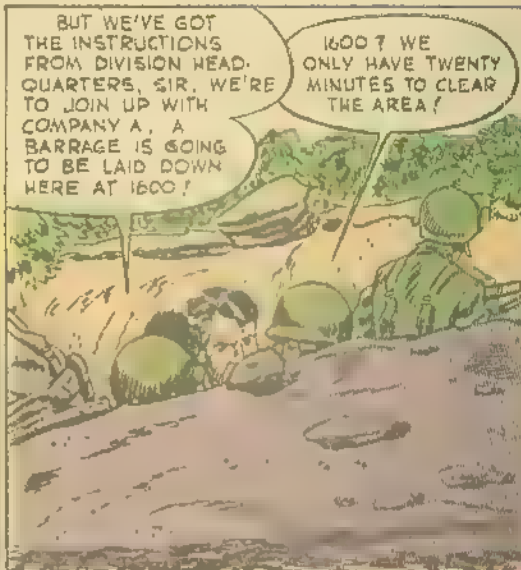
FIGHTIN' MARINES

A SHORT WHILE LATER...



SO YOU MADE IT ALL RIGHT? WHERE'S CORPORAL FRANKLIN?

WOUNDED, SIR! WE HAD TO LEAVE HIM IN THE WOODS... RAN INTO A COMMIE PATROL!



BUT WE'VE GOT THE INSTRUCTIONS FROM DIVISION HEAD-QUARTERS, SIR. WE'RE TO JOIN UP WITH COMPANY A, A BARRAGE IS GOING TO BE LAID DOWN HERE AT 1600!

1600? WE ONLY HAVE TWENTY MINUTES TO CLEAR THE AREA!

WITH FIRE FROM THEIR MACHINE GUNS COVERING THEIR MOVEMENTS, COMPANY B MADE ITS WAY TO THE COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF THE WOODS AND WAS SOON ON THE MARCH TOWARD COMPANY A...



THERE GOES THE BARRAGE! WE JUST MADE IT!

GLAD WE GOT OUT OF THERE WHEN WE DID!

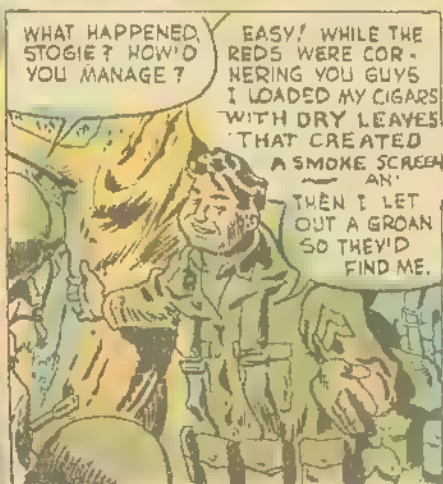


I HOPE WE CAN PICK UP STOGIE ON THE WAY...

YEAH... IF HE'S ALIVE!



HEY! LOOK! IT'S STOGIE! AND HE'S ALL RIGHT!



WHAT HAPPENED, STOGIE? HOW'D YOU MANAGE?

EASY! WHILE THE REDS WERE CORNERING YOU GUYS I LOADED MY CIGARS WITH DRY LEAVES THAT CREATED A SMOKE SCREEN AN' THEN I LET OUT A GROAN SO THEY'D FIND ME.



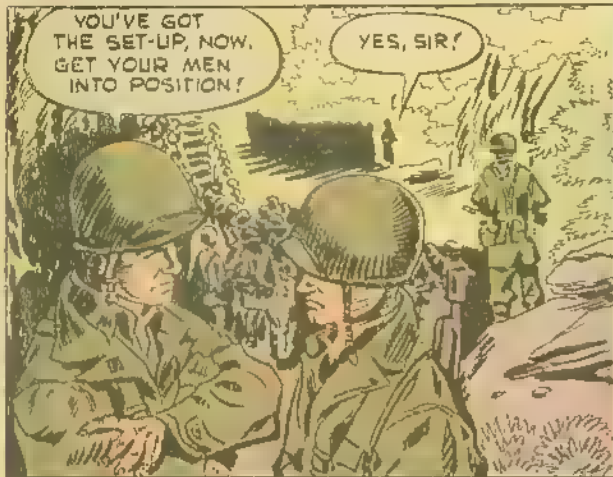
YOU GOT THE COMPANY OUT OF A HOT SPOT, STOGIE?

YEAH, BUT LOOK WHAT IT DID TO MY BEST CIGARS!

YOU JUST GET A GOOD REST AT THE FIELD HOSPITAL, STOGIE! WE'LL BUY YOU A HUNDRED FIVE-CENTERS!

FIGHTIN' MARINES

SOME TIME LATER, COMPANY B MADE CONTACT WITH COMPANY A. THE COMBINED FORCES PREPARED TO STAND OFF THE EXPECTED ENEMY ATTACK.



YOU'VE GOT THE SET-UP, NOW. GET YOUR MEN INTO POSITION!

YES, SIR!



WAITING.. WAITING.. WAITING... IF IT'S NOT ONE PLACE, IT'S ANOTHER! WHAT A WAR!

GEE.. I MISS STOGIE! FUNNY.. I WOULDN'T EVEN MIND SMELLIN' ONE OF HIS CIGARS RIGHT NOW!



SUDDENLY EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BREAK LOOSE AT ONCE ...

COME ON, YOU YELLOW REDS!



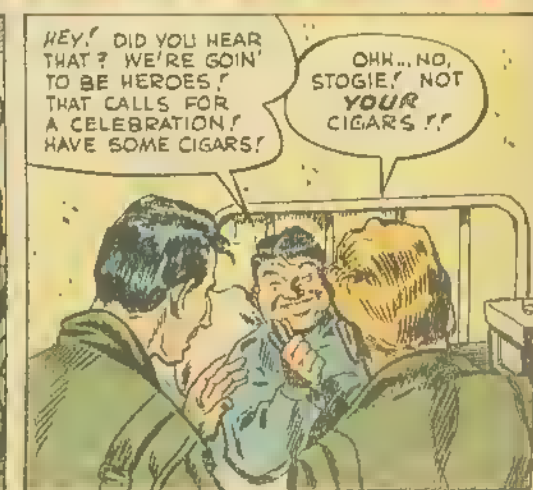
THE FIGHTING RAGED FURIOUSLY UNTIL THE NEXT MORNING ...

THEY'RE RUNNING BACK! WE HELD 'EM OFF!



LATER.. IN A HOSPITAL TENT...

I'M PUTTING YOU BOYS IN FOR A COMMENDATION! WE JUST GOT WORD FROM DIVISION HEADQUARTERS THAT THE MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH WAS PUSHED BACK LARGELY BECAUSE WE WERE ABLE TO HOLD OFF HERE, AND NONE OF THAT WOULD'VE BEEN POSSIBLE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T MANAGED TO GET BACK TO US THE WAY YOU DID!



HEY! DID YOU HEAR THAT? WE'RE GOIN' TO BE HEROES! THAT CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION! HAVE SOME CIGARS!

OHK... NO, STOGIE! NOT YOUR CIGARS!!

O'Brien was bursting with confidence, and awaiting his chance to start settling the score with the enemy. Two North Korean riflemen suddenly sprang up from the ground and made a dash toward the tank O'Brien had lately deserted. His automatic came up. His first sent one of the North Koreans into a nose dive. The other one whirled aside, and O'Brien took two shots to put him out of action.

The tank was on higher ground and only twenty yards away, so O'Brien decided to make a dash for it. His heart seemed to pound louder than his feet as he ran, but when he dropped beside the rear of the tank he regained his breath quickly. There was no mistaking that the two Koreans he had shot were dead. At first he thought he might crawl out and take their rifles, but then a better idea came to him.

A hundred yards back and a good fifty yards off to the East his Marine buddies had pinned down the North Koreans with accurate rifle fire. They could hold the Reds until the latter brought up mortars and lobbed shells into the Marines' position. But the tank was on higher ground, and would command a better view of the enemy, so Private O'Brien leaped up its side and dropped down the hatch.

Just as he got the machine gun into position on the rim of the hatch, Red mortars opened fire. O'Brien's buddies were too low to see the mortar positions, but they fell easily within his view. He fired a long burst that swept three Reds to the ground behind one mortar, then swung his machine gun over to cut down the second mortar crew as they turned to flee.

But less than seventy yards away, screened by a low mound of earth, an enemy field gun belched flame. It was almost point-blank range, and O'Brien was literally staring death in the face. He felt the swish of air as the shell whizzed harmlessly past the side of the tank, but he wasn't giving the Reds a chance to reload. O'Brien flung himself over the side of the tank and scrambled back to his shallow trench.

He thought the Reds must have seen his hasty retreat, for they didn't fire again at the tank. But a second later O'Brien knew why the Reds were no longer concerned with either the tank or with him. Three Corsairs were tearing down through the clouds. Dark shapes spilled from their bellies, and the enemy positions were rocked by heavy explosions. The Marine bombers were gone when the smoke had cleared, and not even a rifle shot came from the enemy-held ground.

O'Brien sprang to his feet, waving his pistol and shouting to catch the attention of the Marines who began showing themselves from the cover beyond. "Catch 'em while they're groggy! Let's go, men!" Private George O'Brien yelled. A stiff breeze carried his voice. But O'Brien could hardly believe his eyes as they rushed forward on the double to join him.

He didn't wait for support. When the nearest Marine was thirty yards away, O'Brien began mov-

ing toward the Red lines. A lone machine gun sprayed bullets on the ground ahead of him. He dropped, crawled a few yards to the left then sprang back to his feet. The crackling of rifles behind told him that his buddies had spotted the machine gun and were concentrating their fire on it.

George O'Brien was the first Marine over the low ridge that protected the Reds' position. He dropped to his knees and emptied the clip of his automatic at a trio of fleeing Reds, dropping them dead in their tracks. Instead of bothering to reload, he grabbed a North Korean rifle, set the sights for fifty yards and fired each time a North Korean head showed.

But in another minute Private O'Brien saw his buddies advancing ahead of him, pausing only long enough to fire a rifle or hurl a grenade. It sent a thrill through the tank repairman as he recognized faces of the men he knew.

The bombers had covered the ground well, but all the fight hadn't been knocked out of the surviving Reds. From behind a pile of rocks almost a hundred yards to the West an enemy machine gun opened fire on the exposed Marines. Just as O'Brien saw what was happening, Lieutenant Wagner dropped to the ground behind him.

"That's wicked!" the lieutenant muttered. "Those devils with that gun were just waiting for our men to expose themselves. But you've done a wonderful job, Private O'Brien. I can't ask you to crawl up on that machine gun nest for I see you haven't any grenades."

"I have a pistol, Sir, an' it's loaded!" O'Brien replied as he scrambled away.

He saw by the lay of the land ahead that if he swung around to the left he might approach the machine gun nest without being observed. His guess was correct, and soon he could make out the heads of the North Koreans as they were engaged in feeding fresh ammunition into their gun. Had they turned their heads slightly they might have seen him as he leaped toward them. He came in shooting, and the last of the three didn't have a chance to raise a grenade before O'Brien put a bullet in his chest.

Recklessly O'Brien leaped to the top of the sandbags and waved both hands to draw the attention of his buddies. One of them mistook him for a Red, and sent a shot whizzing past his ear.

But the mopping-up operation was over after O'Brien's heroic feat. A group of about a dozen Marines led by Lieutenant Wagner were jogging toward him.

Lieutenant Wagner pushed back his helmet and scratched his head. "Somewhere along the line they slipped up in classifying you, O'Brien. They should have taken the wrenches away from you a year ago, and put a gun in your hands."

"Maybe they will for the rest of the war," O'Brien said, looking at the lieutenant earnestly.

"Yes," the officer said as his glance swept the grinning faces of the Marines around him. "Yes, I think they will, O'Brien!"

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